

An excellent Ditty, both merry and witty,
 Expressing the loue of the Youthes of the City,
 Who take delight, as my Song doth say,
 Begins in the morning to fetch home May.
 To a pleasant new tune, or the two lovely Lovers.



A Wake much no dreare thinking,
 Why and then days so long;
 The Sun is now up rising,
 Let not thy selfe loth to sing,
 Upon this pleasing mornning,
 In it let's take our way
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May:

Behold the day dawns forth smiling,
 rising in the East.
 Which tells us of Aurora,
 both let her dogge be first,
 Whence by my own desire,
 and let it be our way,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May.

The flowers are next out coming,
 wherefore be all troth;
 To make us into the pleasures,
 to give our hearts delight:
 Since there are game thabets,
 we may sport and play,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May.

The birds are sweetly singing,
 upon the green-brodd trees,
 Dainty in the bushes may we,
 walke by to the huan,
 In pastures and sweet dingles,
 with children, not and go,
 Then come my truly sweetest,
 let us goe gather May.

The Nightingale most pleasing,
 chants forth her merry strains,
 When who would stay at home,
 that might such pleasure gain,
 The goodnes of this faire City,
 true men in their best array,
 Are marching forth this morning,
 with ioy to gather May.

With Drums, with Pipes and fiddles,
 they are bravelly great, (pols)
 With Walkers in the forefront,
 which they can raise up playd,
 They all went on in pleasure,
 attend next and day,
 And every young man has his Leas,
 that goes to gather May

Roger with his Susan,
 and Robert his faire Jane,
 Richard with his stout heart,
 to be a bee of hisdaine,
 Sweet William and faire Nancy,
 in their apparell gay,
 Is early gone this morning,
 abroad to gather May.

John Finkin with his Gillan,
 Tom with Penelope,
 And Humphrey with his sweet Fiddler,
 by then sweet may had we,
 As well as all these others,
 in our apparell gay,
 Upon this merry morning,
 walke forth to fetch home May

An excellent Ditty, both merry and witty,
 Expressing the loue of the Yowthes of the City,
 Who take delight, as my Song doth say,
 Begins in the morning to fetch home May.
 To a pleasant new tune, or the two lovely Lovers.



A Wake much and dreare thinking,
 Why and then days so long;
 The Sun is now up rising,
 Let not thy selfe thus long,
 Upon this pleasing mornning,
 In idle let's lose our way
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May:

Behold the day dawns forth smiling,
 rising in the East.
 Which is the beauteous Aurora,
 bathed in her dog-starre light,
 Whence by my own desire,
 and let us be our way,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May.

The flowers are now out blooming,
 wherefore be all merry;
 To make us into the pleasures,
 to give our hearts delight:
 Since there are game thabets,
 we may sport and play,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry month of May.

The birds are sweetly singing,
 upon the green-brodd trees,
 Dainty in the bushes may we,
 walke by to the hedges,
 In pastures and sweet meades,
 with children, neet and gay,
 Then come my truly sweeting,
 let us goe gather May.

The Nightingale most pleasing,
 chants forth her merry strains,
 When who would stay at home,
 that might such pleasure gain,
 The goodnes of this faire City,
 true men in their best array,
 Are marching forth this morning,
 with ioy to gather May.

With Drums, with Pipes and fiddles,
 they are bravelly great,
 With Walkers in the forefront,
 which they can raise up playd,
 They all went on in pleasure,
 attend neet and day,
 And every yongman has his Leas,
 that goes to gather May.

Roger with his Susan,
 and Robert his faire Jane,
 Richard with his stout heart,
 to be a bee of hisdaine,
 Sweet William and faire Nancy,
 in their apparell gay,
 Is early gone this morning,
 abroad to gather May.

John Finkin with his Gillian,
 Tom with Penelope,
 And Humphrey with his sweet Prudence,
 by then sweet may had we,
 As well as all these others,
 in our apparell gay,
 Upon this merry morning,
 walke forth to fetch home May.

The second part. To the same tune.



There's Randall with his Sara,
marching hand in hand,
Rowland and sweet Maudlin,
that goeth to his demand,
There's Arthur and sweet Margaret,
which never her leave obey,
hearly goeth this morning,
aboard to gather May.

Nicholas with his Peter,
and Francis with his Mary,
Martin with Rebecca,
and Dorothy with Harry,
Elizabeth Katherine,
were gone ere youke of day,
in their apparell neatly,
to fetch home gentle May.

Edward with sweet Anne,
and Lucie with Valentine,
John with his sweetest Alice,
they with hands of cream and wine
And hee And hee march in order,
With his And hee to play;
With his And hee to play;
about to gather May.

It is the month of pleasure,
and April's heart's flowers,
With his in comely meares,
to refresh the pleasure flowers,
That hee And hee gather early,
to make them blossome gay,
Campeid of sundry colour
Within the month of May.

Margery my sweetest,
thy silverer hath call,
I feine would be this morning,
the foremost of them all.
I see Apollo's spier too,
aris from the East most gay,
To grace these comely Leagues,
to fetch home lovely May.

The Blackbird sings most sweetly;
so doth the Nightingale,
The Fawnes play in the high woods,
the Doves tune on the trees,
The bleating Lambes most sweetly,
delight to sport and play,
The small birds sweetly warble,
to welcome pleasant May.

Sweet Will shooe too! hee have
With Cakes and Pudding pray,
With Creams and Custards
What my blade will be.
So are the Cuckoo sing sweet,
and hee hee hee hee hee hee,
Who with her notes most kindly,
doth welcome in sweet May.

Hee up the Pipers and Piper,
I see my Boye hath come,
And like the Dove of beauty,
her splendor lights the roome,
Come, come my gentle sweetest,
with all the sports for may,
Let's walke to the green Meadows
to gather pleasant May.